The Lesson Of The Record

History is no longer the dominion of the victors, but the resonator of the victims.

It is important that our stories are told, and that we are the ones that tell them.

Your opinion on the quality of the narrative or the allure of its subject matter to please audiences is of no importance.

What may very well be inconsequential to you and nine thousand of your closest associates could unlock mystery profound in the next century when witnessed on accident at a moment opportune and rich with possibility.

This is not a metaphor implying butterfly wings in rainforests spurring hurricanes.

Pick up the quill and dip its edged peak in the blood of martyrs, ejaculate of squid, or padded cell feces.

It is your turn.

Complain if you're put upon.

Congratulate if you are thankful.

Copy off the girl sitting next to you that makes straight A's - you'll have to improvise at the essay anyway and your voice will seep through.

You are important and only impotent if you hesitate.

My muse Laura once corrected my assumption that she had taken a photograph of herself.

No. I took a picture of what was around me so that I would remember, she said.

Records are useful if consulted and found everywhere - the sludge leaking from coal mine slurry and the air trapped in Antarctic ice is right now explaining a gap in our collective knowledge of how our planet functions and interrelates across distances temporal and distant.

What you save as your story will contain elements distillable and potent.